



P O E M S

BY

Mrs. MARY CHANDLER.



[Price . . .]



THE
DESCRIPTION
OF
BATH.
A
POEM.

Humbly Inscribed

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
Princess AMELIA.

With several other P O E M S.

By Mrs. MARY CHANDLER. K

The SIXTH EDITION.

To which is added,
A TRUE TALE, by the same AUTHOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JAMES LEAKE, Bookseller in Bath. 1744

THE
DESCRIPTION

H.

M.





T O

Mr. JOHN CHANDLER.

 *NOT* having *Vanity* enough to think
I write to the *World*, but only to
the small Circle of my *Acquaint-*
ance, and those of my *Superiors*,
to whom I have the Honour to appear in a
favourable Light ; it would be impertinent
in me to look out for a noble Patron to recom-
mend my *Trifles*.

AND as good *Sense*, *Learning*, *Probity*,
and *Taste*, are the *Accomplishments* that ren-
der a Man's *Opinion* in one's *Favour* a Re-
com-

D E D I C A T I O N.

commendation; I should be as much pleas'd with yours, as with that of a Peer of England. As it was you that first gave me Courage to appear abroad, you have a Right to this small Collection; wrote at my Leisure Hours for my own Amusement, and to indulge a grateful Temper.

I AM far from assuming any Airs on account of this mean Performance; but would rather chuse to be taken Notice of as one that deals honestly in Trade, and behaves decently in the Relations of Life, than as a Writer; since I am conscious I have a better Right to the first, than the last Character.

AND my chief Motive for Printing now any thing besides this New Edition of the Bath Poem, was, to put an End to the troublesome Employment of writing out Copies, without disobliging my Friends.

THOSE

DEDICATION.

THOSE you have not seen, had been sent for your Correction, could I have persuaded myself to have engross'd so much of your Time from your Attendance on the Sick, or from that Pursuit of useful Knowledge, which renders you so much superior to many in your own Profession, and so much beloved by all that know you. But it becomes not me, who may be suspected of Partiality, to speak even the Truth of a Brother ; for whom I have not only the tenderest Affection, but the sincerest Esteem.



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Humbly Inscríb'd

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
Princess AMELIA.

The FIFTH EDITION.



P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A Description of BATH.

*Humbly Inscribed to Her Royal Highness
the Princess AMELIA.*



MELIA, beauteous PRINCESS, deign
[to view]
 What the *Muse* sings: to YOU the
[Song is due ;
 To YOU, in whom with Joy we see
[combin'd
 True *Royal* Greatness, and an *bumble*
[Mind.
 Deign you, bright Maid, to hear my artless Lays ;
 You'll awe the snarling Critics into Praise.
 If Goodness can this bold Address forgive,
 Nurs'd by your Smiles, my humble Rhymes shall [live.
 Nurs'd by your Smiles, my humble Rhymes shall

To sing the Town, where balmy Waters flow,
 To which AMELIA'S Health the Nations owe,
 My Muse aspires ; while conscious Blushes rise,
 And her weak Pinions tremble, ere she flies ;
 Till, drawing Vigour from those living Springs,
 She dares to raise her Voice, and stretch her Wings.
 Not the fam'd Springs, which gave poetic Fire,
 Had nobler Virtues, or could more inspire.
 Too weak my Voice ; but Great AMELIA'S Name
 Shall raise my Numbers, and defend my Fame.

LONG ere the *Roman* Eagle hither flew,
 Ere *Albion's* Sons their pow'rful Virtues knew ;
 BRUTE'S great Descendant rais'd them first to Fame,
 And, from their Use, assign'd the Town its Name.
 PALLAS he chose Protectress of the Streams ;
 PALLAS the * City her Protectress claims.

* The City of BATH is call'd in the British Language *Caer Palludar*.

Thus He, who of Man's Fall divinely sings,
 Tells from old Records, wrote of *Gothic* Kings.
 The *Romans* well this ancient Story knew ;
 MINERVA'S Statues their Devotion drew :
 Of curious Art her noble * *Bust* appears,
 Safe from the Ruin of a Thousand Years.
 These salutary Streams alone can boast
 Their Virtues not in thrice five Ages lost.
 The floating Waters, from their hidden Source,
 Thro' the same *Strata* keep unerring Course ;
 The flowing *Sulphur* meets dissolving *Steel*,
 And heat in *Combat*, till the Waters boil :
 United then, enrich the healing Stream ;
 HEALTH to the *Sick* they give, and to the *Waters*,
 [FAME.]

Thus oft contending *Parties* rage and hate,
 Malignant both, and push each other's Fate ;

* There is now an antique *Bust* in the Town-hall of BATH, suppos'd to belong to a Roman Statue of PALLAS.

At last, their Fury spent, and cloy'd with Blood,
They *join* in *Friendship* for the *public Good*.

HITHER foul SCURVY, odious to the Sight ;
And VAPOURS, which, in *ev'ry Form*, affright ;
Sharp COLIC, groaning with a *Jaundice* Face ;
White LEPROSY, of old *Egyptian* Race ;
The shaking PALSY ; RHEUMATISM lame ;
And meager INDIGESTION pining came ;
With many dreadful *Ails*, without a Name. }

FATAL Effects of LUXURY and EASE !
We *drink* our POISON, and we eat DISEASE ;
Indulge our SENSES at our REASON'S Cost,
Till *Sense* is *Pain*, and *Reason's* hurt, or lost.

NOT so, O TEMP'RANCE bland ! when rul'd by
The *Brute's* obedient, and the *Man* is free :
Soft are his *Slumbers*, balmy is his *Rest*,
His *Veins* not boiling from the *Midnight Feast* ;

Touch'd

On several Occasions.

5

Touch'd by AURORA's rosy Hand, he wakes,
Peaceful and calm; and with the World partakes
The joyful Dawnings of returning Day,
For which their grateful Thanks the whole Creation
All but the *human Brute*: 'Tis he alone [pay!
Whose Deeds of Darkness fly the rising Sun.

} 'Tis to thy Rules, O TEMPERANCE! we owe
All Pleasures which from *Health* and *Strength* can [flow:
Vigour of *Body*, *Purity* of *Mind*,
Unclouded *Reason*, *Sentiments* refin'd,
Unmix'd, untainted Joys, without *Remorse*,
Th' intem'prate Sinner's never-failing Curse.

OUR *Waters* wash those num'rous Ills away,
And grant the *trembling Wretch* a longer Day.
O may returning HEALTH more *Wisdom* give!
Let *Death's* Approaches teach us how to live.

IF but *one* LEPER cur'd, makes *Jordan's* Stream,
 In sacred Writ, a venerable Theme,
 What *Honour's* to thy *sov'reign Waters* due,
 Where *Sick*, by *Thousands*, do their *Health* renew?

THE *Min'ral Steams* which from the BATHS arise,
 From *noxious Vapours* clear the *neighb'ring* Skies:
 When *FEVERS* bore an epidemic Sway,
 Unpeopled Towns, swept Villages away;
 While *Death* abroad dealt *Terror* and *Despair*,
 The *Plague* but gently touch'd within their Sphere.

BLEST *Source of Health*, seated on *rising Ground*,
 With friendly Hills by Nature *guarded* round;
 From *Eastern Blasts*, and *sultry South* secure;
 The *Air's balsamic*, and the *Soil* is *pure*.

WHAT *boundless Prospects* from yon tow'ring
 Of Hills, and Plains, and Valleys, strike the Sight! ^{[Height}

Towns,

Towns, Rivers, Villa's, Flocks and Herds appear,
And all the various Products of the Year.

Thence view the *pendant Rock's* majestic Shade,
That speaks the Ruins conqu'ring *Time* has made :

Whether the *Egg* was by the *Deluge* broke,
Or Nature since has felt some other Shock ;
Ingenious BURNET, thine's a pleasing Scheme,
A gay Delusion, if it be a Dream.

The shatter'd *Rocks* and *Strata* seem to say,
Nature is *old*, and tends to her *Decay* :

Yet *lovely* in *Decay*, and *green* in *Age*,

Her Beauty lasts her, to her *latest Stage*.

Wisdom immense contriv'd the wond'rous *Ball*,

And *Form* sprung forth, obedient to his Call.

He fix'd her Date, and bad the *Planet* run

Her *annual* Race around the *central Sun* :

He bad the *Seasons*, *Days*, and *Nights* return,

Till the pent Fires, which at the *Centre* burn,

Shall the *whole Globe* to one huge *Cinder* turn.

Then, like a *Phœnix*, she again shall rise,
And the *New World* be peopled from the *Skies*;
Then *Vice*, and all her Train of Ills shall cease,
And *Truth* shall reign with *Righteousness* and *Peace*.

SURROUNDED by the AVON's winding Streams,
Beneath the Hills, a peopled Island seems;
An ancient *Abbey* in its Centre stands,
The labour'd Work of superstitious Hands;
When *Holy Craft* supreme did guide the Helm,
And *Gothic Darkness* overspread the Realm;
The *artful Priest* amaz'd the gaping Croud,
And *sacred Truth* was veil'd in *mystic Cloud*;
When *living Saints* for *true Devotion* bled;
And *Rites profane* were offer'd to the *Dead*;
When *Idol Images* Devotion drew,
And *Idol Gods* were worshipp'd as the *True*;
Witness yon *Front*: how impiously design'd
In *Stone* to represent th' *Eternal MIND*!

Witness

Witness the *Saints* and *Angels* on the *Wall*!

Deaf to their *Vot'ries Prayers*, and *silent* to their

Welcome, fair *LIBERTY*, and *LIGHT* *divine*!

[Call.

Yet *wider* spread your *Wings*; and brighter shine;

Dart *livelier* Beams on ev'ry *British* Soul,

And scatter *slavish* *Darkness* to the Pole.

Now for *pure* *Worship* is the *Church* design'd;

O that the *Muse* could say to *that* confin'd!

Ev'n there, by *meaning* *Looks*, and *cringing* *Bows*,

The *Female* *Idol* her *Adorer* knows!

Fly hence, *Profane*, nor taint this sacred Place;

Mock not thy *GOD*, to flatter *CELIA's* Face.

This Sacred Pile incloses honour'd Dust,

And pompous *Monuments* secure the Trust:

There *MONTAGUE*, the Noble Prelate, lies,

With pious Hands up-lifted to the Skies:

A *VIRGIN* here enjoys eternal Fame,

Join'd on the Marble with great *DRYDEN's* Name.

THE spacious PORTICO demands my Song,
 Where *Beaux* and *Belles* appear, a shining Throng!
 To take a *cordial Draught*, and *cheer* the Soul,
 Like HOMER'S Gods, when *Nectar* crown'd the
 Correct the Fabric, *simple, neat, and plain*,
 Of *Parian*, nor *Egyptian* Marble vain,
 But *innocently white*, it's proud to show,
 In *neighb'ring Hills* what beauteous Pillars grow.

THE BATHS adjoining form two *ample Squares*,
 Around the *Walls* the *Roman* Art appears;
Niches and *Arches* there the *Bathers* find,
 A Shelter from the *Rain*, and blust'ring *Wind* :
 BLADUD himself sits *Guardian* of the *Streams*,
 Whose noble *Virtues* give them * *Royal Names*.

† NOT far from hence, a *Bath* of gentler Heat,
 The *tender Virgin* finds a safe *Retreat*

* *King and Queen's Bath.*

† *Cross Bath.*

From *Sights* indecent, and from *Speeches* lewd,
Which dare not there, with *Satyr Face*, intrude.
Just in the midst a *Marble Cross* there stands,
Which Popish Minds with pious Awe commands,
Devoid *itself* of *Pow'r* to heal our Woes,
Yet, deck'd with *monumental Crutches*, shows
What *mighty Cures* this wond'rous *Pool* has done,
And these the *Trophies* from *Diseases* won.
The *Sailor* thus, on foaming Billows tost,
His *Ship* and *Ship-mates* in the Tempest lost,
Did some kind God's assisting *Pow'r* implore,
And when, by Aid Divine, he reach'd the Shore,
Strait to the Temple of the God he flew;
His briny Coat he thought the Temple's Due:
And near the dropping Garment, on the Wall,
He wrote, with grateful Praise, the moving Tale.

* Thro' yon high *arched Gate* on either hand,
In comely Order, *Rows of Buildings* stand;

* *West Gate.*

See *Squares*, and *Hospitals*, and *Temples* rise,
 From whence let *pure Devotion* pierce the Skies.
 A *Fountain* flows, which *stately Walls* surround,
 And *Palaces* o'erspread the verdant Ground;
 Where *Herd*s were wont to drink the cooling
 And *Birds* on bending Branches us'd to sing. [Spring,

LEAVING the *West*, I guide my View around,
 And mark the *City's* venerable *Bound*.
 Where the Remains of many an hundred Year,
 In rev'rend Ruins, on the Walls appear,
 * A *Fury's Head* with snaky Hair there stands;
 Here *Hercules* th'attentive Eye demands,
 And there a *Shepherd*, and his youthful *Dame*;
 These Monuments, and more, are known to Fame.

HENCE view the *Grove*; it forms a verdant W
 See the Trees wanton in the Eastern Air; [Squares,

* See Guydot's *Translation of the Antiquities of BATH*.

Aurora gilds them with a temp'rate Ray,
 And *lofty Buildings* shade in Noon of Day.
 An *Obelisk* doth now its Centre grace,
 The latest, proudest, Honour of the Place.
 To future Times this Monument shall show,
 How much all *Britons*, and all *Belgians* owe,
 To Springs which sav'd from Death the Great ^[NASSAU.]
 From HIM, and beauteous ANNA, shall descend
 Heroes like WILLIAM, ready to defend
 Fair *Liberty* oppress'd, and trampled *Laws*,
 Or die with Pleasure in the glorious Cause.
 What less than this can Prophecy divine,
 When WILLIAM's Blood is mix'd with GEORGE's
 [Line?]

ne. NOR think, O NASH, the Muse forgets thy Praise:
 Enough for thee this Monument to raise:
 What greater Honour can thy Pride receive,
 Than that THY Name with great NASSAU shall live?

WHERE

WHERE the *smooth Bowl* * was wont to skim the
 Now stately Rooms for Pleasure change the Scene ; ^[Green]
 Where *Music* warbles, and the *Dancers* bound,
 While the high Roof re-echoes to the Sound.
 There blooming Virgins kindle am'rous Fires ;
 And there the God of Wit with Verse inspires.
 The *rattling Dye* enchants the *Miser's Heir*,
 The *boarded Sums* the *sharking Gamesters* share :
 Th'important Bus'ness of the Fair, *Quadrille*,
 Employs those Hours which *Dancing* cannot kill,
 Or fav'rite *Ombre*, sweetly sung by POPE,
 Appalls their *Cheeks* with *Fear*, or reddens them ^[with Hope]
 There *Miss* soon learns the Language of the *Eyes*,
 The *witless Beau* looks soft, and swears he dies;
 And who can think so *fine* a *Lover* lyes?
 There *Pagan*, *Turk*, the *Papist*, and the *Jew*,
 And all Mankind's *Epitome* you view.

* Where Lindsey's New Room now stands, was a Bowling-green a long since.

But fly, my Muse, fly this enchanting Place,
Nor *Man*, thro' all his Pleasures, dare to trace.

BUT see thro' yonder * Door a safe *Retreat*;
There rest secure, amidst the *Wise*, and *Great*:
Heroes of *ancient*, and of *modern* Song,
The bending Shelves in comely Order throng,
Hither, ye *Nymphs*, attend the leading Muse,
With her the *Labours* of the *Wise* peruse;
Their *Maxims* learn, their *Precepts* be your Guide;
Think *virtuous Knowledge* WOMAN'S truest Pride:
One Hour, thus spent, more *solid* Joys shall give,
Than the gay *Idler* knows, or *Fools* conceive.

Now leave the *Terrace*, and th'extended Scene
Of *Hills* inclos'd, and *Meadows* ever green.
Descend to *Walks*, 'twixt *Limes* in adverse Rows,
And view the gay *Parterre*, that ever blows.

* Mr. Leake's Shop.

This fair * *Pavilion* view ; around its Base
Observe the Sportings of the *scaly Race*.
A cool *Recess*, the MUSES *chosen Seat*,
From *Crouds*, and *empty Noise*, a blest Retreat !
The lovely *Landscape*, and the silent *Stream*,
Inspire the *Poet*, and present the Theme.
Round the *green Walk* the *River* glides away,
Where 'midst *Esplaners* balmy *Zephyrs* play,
And fan the *Leaves*, and cool the scorching *Ray* :
View the brown Shadows of yon *pathless Wood* ;
And *craggy Hills*, irregular and rude !
Where Nature sports romantic : Hence is seen
The *new-made Road*, and wonderful *Machine*,
Self-moving downward from the Mountain's Height,
A *Rock* its Burden, of a *Mountain's* Weight.

HAIL, mighty *Genius* ! born for great *Designs*,
T' adorn your *Country*, and to mend the *Times* ;

* Harrifon's Banqueting-Houfe.

Virtue's Exemplar in degen'rate Days,
All who love *Virtue*, love to speak *your Praise*:
You chide the Muse that dares your *Virtues* own,
And, veil'd with *Modesty*, would live unknown;
An *honest Muse*, no Prostitute for *Gain*,
Int'rest may court her, but shall court in vain:
But ever pleas'd to set *true Worth* in View,
Yours shall be seen, and will, by All but *You*.

PROPHETIC here, the Muse shall build thy Seat;
Great like thy *Soul*, in ev'ry Part complete:
On this fair Eminence the *Fabric* stands,
The finish'd Labour of a thousand Hands;
The *Hill*, the *Dale*, the *River*, *Groves* and *Fields*,
Vary the *Landscape*, which thy *Prospect* yields;
Whole *Vales* of *Fruit-trees* give our Eyes Delight,
Yet scorn alone to gratify the *Sight*;
Beneath the Load the tender Branch shall bend,
And the rich Juice regale its *Master's Friend*.

Thy Taste refin'd appears in yonder Wood,
Not *Nature* tortur'd, but by *Art* improv'd:
Where *cover'd Walks* with *open Vista's* meet,
An *Area* here, and there a *shady Seat*.

A thousand Sweets in mingled Odours flow
From blooming *Flow'rs*, which on the Borders grow.
In num'rous Streams the murm'ring Waters thrill,
Uniting all, obedient to thy Will;
Till, by thy Art, in *one Canal* combin'd,
They thro' the *Wood* in various *Mazes* wind;
From thence the foaming Waves fall rapid down,
In bold *Cascades*, and lash the rugged Stone.
But here their Fury lost, the calmer Scene
Delights the softer Muse, and Soul serene;
An ample *Bason*, Centre of the Place,
In Lymph transparent holds the scaly Race;
Its glassy Face, from ev'ry Ruffle free,
Reflects the Image of each neighb'ring Tree;
On which the *feather'd Choir*, melodious, throng,
By Love inspir'd, unite in tuneful Song;

Their

Their tuneful Song the echoing *Woods* resound,
 And falling *Waters* add a solemn Sound:
 Sure this the Muses haunt; 'tis hallow'd Ground!
 Here could the Muse for ever spend her Days,
 And chant, in humble Rhymes, the Owner's Praise,
 How, by his Art, young MYRA * shall no more
 Her STREPHON's Letter lost, with Sighs deplore,
 Unjustly jealous of her faithful Swain,
 Whilst he expects the kind Return in vain:
 How from the † Mountain's rocky Sides he drew
 A thousand shining Palaces to view:
Temples, and *Hospitals* in ev'ry Land,
 From Age to Age, his Monuments shall stand.
Envy itself shall die, and fickle *Fame*,
 When he is dead, do Justice to his Name.
 Had I or PINDAR's Wing, or HOMER's Fire;
 VIRGIL's true Greatness, or soft HORACE' Lyre;

* Mr. ALLEN contriv'd and settled the Cross-Post, by which means Letters are now convey'd to a great many Towns safely, which used formerly to mis-carry oftener than they were received.

† Quarries.

Could I, like tuneful POPE, command the NINE;
Did my Verse flow, and, as it flows, refine;
Thus would I sing: But O, with Grief I find
My feeble Pen but faintly paints my Mind!
Myself unequal to the great Design,
The Task to abler Poets I resign.





To Dr. OLIVER,

Who corrected my BATH POEM.

WHILE rash, unknowing of *Parnassus'*
My Virgin Muse attempts th' unequal Flight;
The Croud ill-judging, and her partial Friends,
Or veil her Faults, or blindly *Each commends* :
While the just *Critics* silent Censure show ;
Blame this dull Thought, that Diction much too low :
Cautious and trembling, now she fears to fly ;
You plume her Wings, and bid her boldly try.
Yet blindly wand'ring, when she aims to rise,
You clear the Mist of Error from her Eyes ;
To You smoothe her Verse, and blot th' unmeaning Line,
Improve the Thought, and aid the lame Design.

With Chymic Art the *Chaos* you divide,
Extract the Spirit, bid the Phlegm subside ;
Correct, new range, precipitate, confine ;
Yours is the Skill, the mean Materials mine.
You, her APOLLO, gave the Muse her Fire :
Whene'er she pleases, 'tis when you inspire ;
Ev'n POPE approv'd, when you had tun'd her Lyre. }
The Debt of Honour bid me not conceal ;
I'll dare your Friendship, and the Truth reveal.
No base Ingratitude shall taint my Name ;
I'll keep my Virtue, tho' I lose my Fame.
My honest Pride disdains to steal the Bays,
Or, like the Moon, to shine with borrow'd Rays.
The greatest Merit that my Muse can shew,
Is that she stands correct and fair by you.
Not only Fame, but Health to you I owe :
When my Joints trembled, and my Pulse beat low,
When all my Friends had took a parting Sigh,
And Tears dropt silent from a Parent's Eye ;

Tho' neither Youth nor Beauty was my Friend,
Nor Gold nor Fame could tempt, yet you attend ;
While soft Compassion languish'd in your Eyes,
And gently breath'd in sympathetic Sighs.

Pure Goodness wing'd your Feet, inspir'd your
Soft were your Accents, but your Reas'ning strong. ^{[Tongue ;}

Heav'n bad me live, and you prescribe the Way ;

To you, next Heav'n, my grateful Thanks I pay.

And now I breathe, and live, and sing anew ;

And owe my Breath, and Life, and Song to You.





*A Letter to the Right Honourable the
Lady RUSSEL.*

Written at her Ladyship's Desire, on the
Conversation at Breakfast.

AT my low Cottage, on a chearful Morn,
When slanting Beams did ev'ry Scene adorn;
By Goodness prompted, native of their Breasts,
Sir *Harry* and my Lady were my Guests.
My Treat was homely, and my Table small,
My Cloth and Dishes clean, and that was all;
For thus it suited to my low Estate;
'Twere insolent to imitate the Great.
Hum'rous our Talk, and innocently gay;
Our Subjects various; Manners, Men, and Play,

And

And Love, and Wedlock: This our fav'rite Theme,

And each to their own Fancy form'd the Scheme:

“ Maid! *said Sir Harry*, come, it's Time to wed;

“ By Sympathy chuse C—— to be your Head.

“ Two Bodies so exactly pair'd! 'tis plain

“ Heav'n made the Match, and destin'd him the Man.”

My Lady offer'd me her Farmer's Son:

Sir *Harry* positive for C—— alone.

Soon I accepted: Either was my Choice.

“ Most Votes shall carry't.---Mine's a neutral Voice.

“ So I may wed, I'm not exceeding nice:

“ My humble Wishes, Sir, no higher rise,

“ Than that the Man be honest, free from Vice;

“ Improv'd by Learning both of Books and Men;

“ His Genius witness'd by his well-known'd Pen;

“ True to his Country, and fair Virtue's Cause;

“ Unaw'd, unbrib'd, by Pow'r, or by Applause;

“ From Superstition and Profaneness free;

“ His Fortune equal to himself and me.

“ This

“ This Praise to C—— his Friends allow is due ;

“ And Part, dear Farmer, I believe of you.”

THE P—, absent, could not speak his Mind ;
 But the young Farmer, complaisant and kind,
 Bow'd, smil'd, and drank my Health : An Omen fair !
 But, ah ! a young and fairer Maid was there.
 I fear my Rival's Charms, I fear her Art :
 Each serve to move, and both to win his Heart.

THUS far in Mirth.---But now for steady Truth ;
 I'm climb'd above the Scale of fickle Youth.
 From Pain of Love I'm perfectly at Ease :
 My Person Nature never form'd to please.
 Friendship's the sweetest Joy in human Life :
 'Tis *that* I wish——and *not* to be a Wife.

THUS, Madam, your Command I have obey'd
 In artless Lines : Of Censure not afraid :

Your

Your Goodness will accept my humble Lays;
Content with this, I seek no better Praise;
Rough as the Road on which I gave them Birth,
Dull as the clouded Morn, or barren Heath.
Vainly I wish, oh could I tune my Song
Sweet as your Name, and as your Virtue strong!
With Pleasure I'd the grateful Theme pursue,
But, I despair---And humbly bid, *Adieu.*





To Mrs. BOTLER.

A Description of her GARDEN,

HOW charming is this little Spot,
Dispos'd with Art and Taste!

A thousand Beauties intermix'd,
Prepare the Eyes a Feast.

The lovely *Limes* in ample Rows,
With *Woodbines* climbing round,
A shining Gravel Walk inclose,
Where not a *Weed* is found.

The *Crocus*, *Primrose*, *Daffodil*,
And *Cowslip* sweet, I sing;
And fragrant purple *Violet*,
All Harbingers of *Spring*.

The musky lovely blushing *Pink*,
 Jonquil with rich Perfume;
Tulips that vie with *IRIS' Bow*,
 And *Balsams* annual Bloom.

Th' immortal *Pea*, fair '*Emone*,
 And beamy *Marigold*,
And *Polyanthus* (lovely Tribe!)
 Their various Blooms unfold.

The Gard'ner's Pride *Ranunculus*,
 Bell-flow'r ethereal-blue,
The *Rose* *Campion*, and golden *Lupe*,
 And *Wonder* of Peru;

The *Amarynth*s, as Poets sing,
 That *JUNO* deign'd to wear,
That in *Hesperian* Gardens spring,
 Bloom fair and fragrant here.

The

The

The *Lily* fair as new fall'n Snow ;
All these the Borders grace :
And *Myrtles*, *Roses*, *Jessamins*,
With Fragrance fill the Place.

A Groop of dwarfish *Apple* Trees
Appear, a fairy Scene,
Loaden with Fruit ; such PARIS gave
To VENUS, Beauty's Queen.

Stately the rising Mount appears,
With tow'ring *Elms* o'erspread ;
Whose gently waving Branches form,
At Noon, a cooling Shade.

The *Laurel* Plant, the Victors Crown,
And *Bays* by Poets worn ;
The party-colour'd *Philaroy*,
And *May* perfuming *Thorn*.

These line the Walks, and make the Bounds

All verdant young, and fair :

All speak the Owner's Judgment good,

And praise the Gard'ner's Care.

Faint Emblem of a fairer Mind,

That over all presides:

For ev'ry Virtue's planted there,

And ev'ry Action guides.





A POEM on the Princess AMELIA.

In Answer to DAMON, who invited the Nymphs
of *Bath* to sing her Praise.

HARK! DAMON calls, I lead the Way :
Ye Nymphs of *Bath*, come, aid my Lay ;
Come, strike the trembling String :
AMELIA's Name so sweetly flows,
Her Face such wond'rous Goodness shows,
Who can refuse to sing ?

HER Presence, like the Sun benign,
Sheds Blessings where she deigns to shine ;
And brightens all the Place :
But when the Goddess disappears,
Our drooping Heads and Eyes in Tears
Will witness our Distress.

Oh! would the Muses aid my Wing,
APOLLO tune my Voice to sing!

I'd take the lovely Theme;
AMELIA's Name the Vale should fill,
And echo back from Hill to Hill,
Sweet as her rising Fame.

While envious Foes in vain repine,
May *Britain*, bless'd in BRUNSWIC's Line,
Still *Europe's* Balance sway!
Till Plenty, Liberty, and Peace,
Shall fill the World—till Faction cease,
And Earth resound the Joy.





To the Reverend Dr. S——.

An Invitation to a Morning Walk in the Spring.

THE piercing Cold, the stormy Winds,
And drooping Rains of Winter gone ;
The genial Sun new warms the Earth,
And brings the fertile Season on.

The Morning Breezes softly blow,
AURORA gilds the Meadows fair.
Gentle and smooth the Rivers flow,
And balmy Sweets perfume the Air.

The tow'ring Lark expands her Wing,
The Birds in Concert all combine ;
And, as they glide thro' Air, and sing,
They call your sweeter Voice to join.

Come,

Come, bring the *Muses* in your Train;
Let grave *Philosophy* attend;
And true *Religion*, kind and plain:
They'll all accompany my Friend.

All Nature, smiling, seems to say;
“ Come, taste the Pleasures of the Spring;
“ Come, come, AMYNTOR, come away;
“ Remember, Time is on the Wing.”





To the Reverend Mr. SAM. CHANDLER.

On W I S D O M.

FAREWEL awhile to mortal Things—
 To Wisdom now I strike my Strings,

 And tune the warbling Lyre.

Oh for thy Influence from above,

Fountain of Light, and God of Love!

 Do thou my Breast inspire.

'Tis not the Politician's Art,

Who makes his injur'd Country smart,

 To fill his Chests with Gold ;

Nor all his cunning Craft, to gain

Pleasures and Honours false and vain,

 For which his Peace is sold.

No, I would sing a nobler Theme:

His *Wisdom* is an idle Dream,

That flies him when awake.

The guilty Soul, with keen Remorse,

Finds all his Gains repaid with Loss,

And curses his Mistake.

Wisdom is Truth without Disguise:

Clear as the Sun in cloudless Skies,

The wise Man's Actions shine:

No Scrutiny can hurt his Name,

Or base Discov'ry give him Shame

Of Fraud, or mean Design.

Wisdom is pure as Gold refin'd;

No sensual Stain deforms the Mind,

Or damps the rising Joys;

No raging Appetite on Fire,

Or Torment from impure Desire,

Or Health or Peace destroys.

The *wise* Man gives to all their Due,
Just to himself, and Neighbour too;
And takes an honest Care
To pay his Sov'reign's rightful Claim ;
Consults his Fortune, and his Fame,
His Family and Heir.

No Terror from the Law he feels;
No threat'ning Want pursues his Heels,
Nor frightful Dun he fears.
Secure he walks, where-e'er he goes,
No Want of Friend or Credit knows,
No keen Reproach he hears.

Wisdom's diffusive as the Light;
Fertile with Blessings heav'nly bright,
Kind Source of Peace and Joy;
Relieves the Wretch oppress'd with Pain,
And cheers like the refreshing Rain,
When scorching Griefs annoy.

This bore the Name in Ages past,
And will be *Wisdom* at the last,

When Time itself shall cease;
When the curst sensual Fool shall find
Nothing to fill his hungry Mind,
And wish in vain for Peace.

This from the Source of Glory came,
And gives true Grandeur, endless Fame,
Still blooming young and fair.

Not lost by envious tainted Breath;
But springs yet fresher after Death,
In the celestial Air.

May all our Lives this *Wisdom* guide!

May Love to God and Man divide

The Hours that swiftly fly!

While sweet Reflection on the past,
And chearful Prospect of the last,
Shall ev'ry Grief defy.



My Own E P I T A P H.

H E R E lies a true Maid, deformed and old ;
 That she never was handsome, ne'er needed
 Tho' she ne'er had a Lover, much Friendship had met ; ^{[be told.}
 And thought all Mankind quite out of her Debt.
 She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had resented ;
 As she ne'er had deny'd, so she never repented.
 She lov'd the whole Species, but some had distin-
 But Time, and much Thought, had all Passion ex- ^{[guish'd ;}
 Tho' not fond of her Station, content with her Lot ; ^{[tinguish'd.}
 A Favour receiv'd she had never forgot.
 She rejoic'd in the Good that her Neighbour possess'd ;
 And Piety, Purity, Truth she profess'd.

She

She liv'd in much Peace, but ne'er courted Pleasure;
Her Book, and her Pen, had her Moments of Leisure:
Pleas'd with Life, fond of Health, yet fearless of
Believing she lost not her Soul with her Breath.^{[Death;}





A LETTER to Lady F——.

From the Other World.

FROM the *Elysian* Fields I sing,
Where ever blooms the balmy Spring ;
From roseat Groves, and myrtle Shades,
That not a sultry Beam invades.
Each Grove with heav'nly Music rings,
And Odours rise on *Zephyrs* Wings.
Mild Glory lightens all the Bow'rs,
And purest Pleasure wings the Hours ;
While crystal Streams, incircling, flow
Thro' all the flow'ry Vales below ;
That in the softest Murmurs thrill
Adown each flow-descending Trill ;

Where

Where grows immortalizing Fruit,
For ever giving fresh Recruit.
No drowsy Slumbers close the Eyes
In these gay Regions of the Skies;
Nor Dream a frightful Form assumes,
Impress'd by indigested Fumes;
Nor aching Head from heated Brain;
Disease, nor, its Attendant, Pain.
Here no despairing Lover dies,
No base Deluder cheats with Lyes,
Nor come or jealous Cares or Sighs;
Nor Eye e'er drops a briny Tear;
For Truth and Love are native here.
Each Spirit has his Task assign'd,
As pleases best, or suits his Mind.
Some to the central Sun descend;
Some to the neighb'ring Planets tend;
Nor some so small a Space can bound,
As does old SATURN's annual Round;

But

But thro' the vast unbounded Space,
Their Maker's Works with Rapture trace.
Of this small Surface losing Sight,
Amidst Ten thousand Worlds of Light,
Some tune their golden Harps, and sing
The boundless Glories of their KING;
Or how from Chaos Nature rose;
How central Fires these Scenes shall close;
How, at the last important Day,
All shall the Trumpet's Voice obey,
With Horror some, and some with Joy.

SOME on the kindest Errands fly,
Adown the azure hilly Sky;
And whisper CELIA in the Ear,
" Of yon deluding Fop beware."
To STREPHON, when the sparkling Wine
Does to Excess his Soul incline;
" Exert the Man, and fly the Bait;
" See Poison on the Pleasure wait."

And,

And, pointing to the tempting Fair,
“ Disease, ill Fame, and Guilt are there.”
Bid Reason guide his erring Feet,
And ev’ry Virtue grow complete;
Bid Wit, within due Bounds confin’d,
Adorn, and not debauch, his Mind.
If STREPHON’s deaf, away they fly,
And, griev’d, they mount their native Sky :
They leave him ’midst a lighter Band
Of airy Beings still at hand ;
Who left the World with tainted Breast,
With their own Follies still impress’d,
Envious, deceitful, and unblest ;
Who hover round with downward Flight,
Visit in Dreams at Dead of Night :
Fill MYRA’s Head with Dukes and Earls,
And Equipage, and costly Pearls ;
Bid STREPHON dance, and drink, and play,
Turn Day to Night, and Night to Day ;

}

Till Health, and Fame, and Fortune flies ;
STREPHON repents, despairs, and dies.

THESE tuneful POPE calls *Nomes* and *Sylphs* ;
These *Britons* took for *Fairy Elves* :
The *Genius* was the *Pagan* Name ;
They gave their Bards and Sages Fame ;
And MILTON, POPE, and DRYDEN, fir'd ;
And CLARKE and NEWTON these inspir'd :
Nor STREPHON, nor does CELIA know,
But from themselves their Reas'nings flow.
By Sounds so gently we pervade,
So unperceiv'd the Trace is made,
And Picture to the Mind convey'd.

THIS Message, F——, to you I bear ;
You were my Friend, are now my Care.
Your sprightly Wit, that all admire,
Is an unlicens'd lawless Fire.

Restrain its wild impetuous Course,
And give your Reason all its Force :
And let that Reason be your Rule ;
Things sacred bear no Ridicule.
Be to your better Self but true ;
Then ev'ry Grace will shine in You.





To Mrs. SHALES.

I'LL not fatigue BELINDA's Ear,
With telling her, " She's fair :"
Those Sounds so often she must hear
Of Shape, and Face, and Air ;

Of Neck, as white as falling Snow ;
And Eyes, that Love inspire :
What her Glass tells her, she must know,
And Repetitions tire.

Besides, the Nymph has too much Sense,
To pride in Good so frail ;
Sees Beauty round beset with Harms,
And fears lest some prevail :

Left flatt'ring Tongues in fair Disguise
Should Vanity instil ;
Observes herself with watchful Eyes,
And shuns the baleful Ill :

Bids Caution wait on Innocence,
Left Malice dare to blame ;
Or Envy, with envenom'd Breath,
Should taint her lovely Name.

She knows, that ev'ry Hour that flies,
Brings Age upon its Wing ;
And that ungrateful Word, *She was !*
Has Venom in its Sting.

She thanks kind Heav'n, that made her fair ;
And knows that Heav'n design'd
That lovely Form she wears, to grace
The Beauties of her Mind.

So, when the sparkling Brilliant's set
In Silver, shining Ore ;
It adds small Value to the Stone,
But makes it please the more.





To Mrs. STEPHENS.

THOU, *Sodb'ry* House, my lov'd, my sweet
And all the Beauties, that surround the Seat ;
Where Nature smiles in all her fertile Pride ;
Demand'st my Song, and Truth shall be my Guide,
Scarce *Eden's* Garden more divinely fair ;
Alike in Fragrance is thy balmy Air.
When bow'd by Sickness nigh the gloomy Grave,
Thy Air reviv'd, and Heav'n vouchsaf'd to save.

REV'REND by hoary Age, and old in Fame,
Unknown its Founder's Family and Name,
The Fabric stands, a venerable Seat!
Just in the Centre of a fair Estate;

That wide its hospitable Door extends,
Capacious to receive a thousand Friends.
The Owner's Soul, like Goodness, unconfin'd,
Diffuses wide her Favours on her Kind.
Her gen'rous Breast scarce other Pleasure knows,
Than what reflects from those that she bestows.
She knows with strictest Prudence how to spend;
Still frugal to herself, and noble to her Friend.
Fair verdant Avenues the House adorn ;
And double Courts the bold Intruder warn :
For great Beneficence is oft oppress'd ;
And those that can't deny, can seldom rest.
Wide arched Portals grace the solemn Hall ;
Where wait the Poor, as their Distresses call :
Nor call in vain ; but of Assistance sure :
If hungry, fed ; if sick, they find a Cure.
But view the Parlour ; here Description's faint ;
Its Beauties languish in my lifeless Paint.
Its wide Dimension, well-proportion'd Height,
With pleasing Awe command and charm the Sight.

Here

Here OLIVER, in *Britain's* Annals fam'd,
 Frowns awful, yet intrepid and untam'd.
 This Piece a Son of *Spain* could scarce survive;
 The Canvas speaks; 'tis OLIVER alive!
 From the broad Windows see the Scenes extend;
 Till on the distant Hills the Skies descend.
 Within, around, exotic Flow'rets bloom;
 Fair *India's* Spices shed a rich Perfume.
 Nor less, ye lovely Natives of our Isle,
 Your Scenes delight me, or your Blossoms smile.
 The fragrant *Jessamin*, and blushing *Rose*,
 The *Woodbind*, *Lily*, and the *Pink* disclose
 Yet livelier Beauty in their native Soil;
 Shed sweeter Fragrance, and require less Toil.

HERE hanging Gardens rich with Fruit appear;
 The golden *Apple*, and the mellow *Pear*,
 And nicer Plants, their spreading Arms extend,
 To tempt the gath'ring Hand of ev'ry Friend.

On the smooth Terras, set with Ever-greens,
I walk, delighted with the lovely Scenes ;
Where Groups of Trees around are artful spread,
And meet in verdant Arches o'er the Head.
Amidst the awful Shades, from Grove to Grove,
In Noon-day's Heat secure and cool, I rove ;
Whence Clouds of Birds pursue their airy Way,
When dawning Beams proclaim the rising Day ;
Rous'd from their leafy Beds, they hail the Light.
I gaze, delighted with the Sound and Sight !
And wait their wish'd Return with rising Night.
Here rises on the Plain a spreading Town ;
Part the Sun gilds, and Part the Shades imbrown.
See, gently gradual, yonder Hills arise ;
Till blue the last, and hid among the Skies.
Along the Side an ancient City spreads,
Churches and *Gothic* Spires erect their Heads.
Here Seats unnumber'd interspers'd appear,
With vocal Woods, and Corn with golden Ear.

Gay

Gay Plenty, with her ever-smiling Face,
And graceful Beauty, dresses all the Space.
The loaded Vessel there securely rides
On *Severn*, proudly rolling back her Tides ;
Carrying our Plenty to each distant Shore,
Exchang'd for foreign Wine, and golden Ore.
The distant River courts the wand'ring Eyes,
Till the wide View in ancient *Cambria* dies.
Cambria ! whose hardy Sons were true and bold,
Scorn'd to be Slaves, their Freedom never fold ;
But chose to live on barren Cliffs their own,
Disdain'd more fertile Fields, for *Roman* Masters
Here view the wide-extended Concave bound ^{[fown.}
The haughty Hills, that guard the Vallies round.
What grateful Thoughts those awful Camps inspire !
Once a dread Scene of War, and Blood, and Fire !
When conqu'ring *Romans* sat in Triumph there,
And Death flew hissing thro' the frighted Air :
The slaughter'd Natives spread the Valleys wide,
And drench'd the Meadows with a crimson Tide.

Now Peace her downy Wing spreads o'er the Scene,
 The Camps lie harmless on the level Green,
 The Noise of War is hush'd, and all a sweet Serene. }
 Not *Cowper's-Hill* a more delightful Theme,
 That smiles in *DENHAM's* Song, for ever green ;
 Nor *Windſor Foreſt*, ever fair and gay,
 Immortaliz'd by *POPE's* harmonious Lay ;
 Nor fanſy'd Scenes in Fable Stories told,
 By modern Bards, or the enchanting old,
 Have greater Charms than *Sodb'ry*, dear Retreat ! }
 Serenely bleſt, here could I fix my Seat :
 But I muſt wander with unwilling Feet. }
 Thus *ADAM* took his laſt, his farewel Round,
 And mourning left fair *Eden's* happy Ground.
 Happy and long may here the Owner live,
 To taſte thoſe Pleaſures which ſhe loves to give !
 Long, by her wiſe and fair Example, ſhow,
 How Peace and Joy from ſilent Order flow !
 With chearful Health and Friendſhip ever crown'd,
 And deal out Bleſſings to the Country round !



A S O N G.

YOUNG CELIA was sprightly and gay,
Had the Bloom of Fifteen on her Cheek ;
Her Lovers came flocking each Day,
And a thousand fond Things they would speak.
She, giddy and thoughtless, gave Ear
To the Tale of each flattering Tongue ;
And thought she was blest to appear
In a Circle of Lovers so young.

Thus, elate with the Conquests she gain'd,
She neglected to act with a Grace ;
And thought, that her Triumph for Life
Was secure by the Charms of her Face :

While

While CYNTHIA, more modest and coy,
Not a Lover yet boasts in her Train;
Which CELIA with Pleasure observ'd,
And delighted to give the Nymph Pain.

Her Lovers grew cold, and dropp'd off,
As her Folly increas'd with her Years;
When Time had her Beauty defac'd,
They left her to Wrinkles and Tears:
While CYNTHIA took care to supply,
With each Grace, the swift Conquest of Time;
And was much more belov'd in Decay,
Than CELIA was e'er in her Prime.

Her Mind, with each Virtue replete,
Had enamour'd a right-judging Swain;
Who fought her to make them both blest:
And still is unrivall'd her Reign.

All ye Fair, that attend to my Song,
Be ye warned by CELIA's ill Fate:
Think the *Graces* to Beauty belong;
Lest, forsaken, you court them too late.





To Mrs. M O O R.

A Poem on FRIENDSHIP. Written in 1729.

FRRIENDSHIP! the heav'nly Theme I sing ;
Source of the truest Joy!

From Sense such Pleasures never spring,
Still new, that never cloy.

'Tis sacred *Friendship* gilds our Days,
And smoothes Life's ruffled Stream :
Uniting Joys will Joys increase,
And, sharing, lessen Pain.

'Tis pure as the ethereal Flame,
That lights the Lamps above ;
Pure, as the Infant's Thought, from Blame ;
Or, as his Mother's Love.

From

From kind Benevolence it flows,

And rises on Esteem.

'Tis false Pretence, that Int'rest shows,

And fleeting as a Dream.

The Wretch, to Sense and Self confin'd,

Knows not the dear Delight;

For gen'rous Friendship wings the Mind,

To reach an Angel's Height.

Amidst the Croud each kindred Mind

True Worth superior spies;

Tho' hid, the modest Veil behind,

From less discerning Eyes.

From whose Discourse Instruction flows;

But Satire dares not wound:

Their guiltless Voice no Flatt'ry knows,

But scorns delusive Sound.

While

While Truth divine inspires each Tongue,
The Soul bright Knowledge gains :
Such ADAM ask'd, and GABRIEL fung,
In heav'nly MILTON's Strains.

Such the Companions of your Hours,
And such your lov'd Employ ;
Who would indulge your noblest Pow'rs,
But know no guilty Joy.

And thus, as swift-wing'd Time brings on
Death, nearer to our View ;
Tun'd to sweet Harmony our Souls,
We take a short Adieu ;

Till the last Trump's delightful Sound
Shall wake our sleeping Clay :
Then swift, to find our Fellow-souls,
As Light, we haste away.



On my RECOVERY.

GOD of my Life, and lengthen'd Days!
To Thee my Breath I owe.

Teach me my grateful Voice to raise,
In Sounds that sweetly flow.

When, sinking to the silent Grave,
My Spirits dy'd away;
Thy quick'ning Word new Vigour gave,
Thy Voice commands my Stay.

In my Distress to Thee I cry'd,
When tossing in my Bed;
Thou sent'st thy Mercy to my Aid,
And eas'dst my aching Head.

Thou

Thou bidst the vital Current flow
In a less rapid Tide;
My dancing Pulse beat calm and low,
And fev'rish Heats subside.

Thou lend'st to my Physician Skill,
Right Med'cines to apply;
And my Disease obey'd thy Will,
The painful Symptoms die.

That Life, which thou hast longer spar'd,
I would devote to Thee.
O let thy SPIRIT be my Guard,
Till I thy Face shall see!





My W I S H.

WOULD Heav'n indulgent grant my Wish
For future Life, it should be this:

Health, Peace, and Friendship I would share;

A Mind from Bus'ness free, and Care;

A Soil that's dry in temp'rate Air;

A Fortune from Incumbrance clear,

About a Hundred Pounds a Year ;

A House not small, built warm and neat,

Above a Hut, below a Seat ;

With Groups of Trees beset around,

In Prospect of the lower Ground,

Beneath the Summit of a Hill,

From whence the gushing Waters trill,

In various Streams, that winding flow
To aid a River just below ;
At a small Distance from a Wood,
And near some Neighbours wife and good :
There would I spend my remnant Days,
Review my Life, and mend my Ways.
I'd be some honest Farmer's Guest,
That with a cleanly Wife is blest :
A friendly Cleric should be near,
Whose Flock and Office were his Care :
My Thoughts my own, my Time I'd spend
In writing to some faithful Friend :
Or on a Bank, by purling Brook,
Delight me with some useful Book,
Some Sage, or Bard, as Fancy led ;
Then ruminate on what I'd read.
Some moral Thoughts should be my Theme,
Or verdant Field, or gliding Stream ;
Or Flocks, or Herds, that Shepherds love ;
The Shepherds would my Song approve.

No Flatt'ry base, nor baser Spite,
Not one loose Thought my Muse should write ;
Nor vainly try unequal Flight.

}

Great GEORGE's Name let Poets sing,
That rise on a sublimer Wing :

I'd keep my Passions quite serene,
My Person and Apartment clean,
My Dress not slovenly, but mean.

}

Some Money still I'd keep in Store,
That I might have to give the Poor :
To help a Neighbour in Distress,
I'd save from Pleasure, Food, and Dress.

I'd feed on Herbs, the limpid Spring
Should be my *Helicon*-----I'd sing ;
And be much happier than a King :

}

Thus calmly see my Sun decline ;
My Life and Manners thus refine ;
And acting in my narrow Sphere,
In chearful Hope, without one Care,
I'd quit the World, nor with a Tear.

}



To Miss M O O R.

On her F I R E - S C R E E N.

W H E N gloomy Winter's clad in Snow,
Without one chearful Shade of Green;
When one blank View is all the Show,
And not a Leaf or Flower seen ;

When now the shiv'ring feather'd Throng
To distant warmer Regions fly,
Or wanting Food, or chill'd with Frost,
Or by the fatal Powder die;

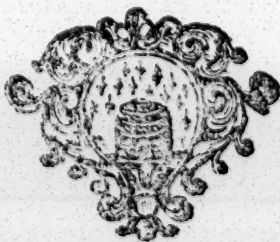
You, my young Fair one, of your own
A new Creation can provide ;
Your Flow'rs gay blooming as in *May*,
Your Trees the sharpest Frost abide.

The

The Flow'rs ne'er fade, nor drop the Fruits,
Nor fades the Verdure of the Fields;
All the gay Seasons, in one Scene,
The ever-pleasing Prospect yields.

'Tis true, the Music of the Birds
Escapes your Art, nor strikes your Ear:
But see them perching on the Trees,
As if delighted to be here.

Your tender Mind's a fertile Soil;
May all the Graces flourish there!
May Modesty protect the Whole,
And, as your Face, your Name be fair!





On Mr. B——'s GARDEN.

To Mrs. S——.

MADAM,

TO your Commands I own Obedience due,
 And fain would paint this fair enchanting
 A Palace, Centre of the Garden, stands, [View:
 No common Structure, rear'd by vulgar Hands;
 But shews a Master's Skill, a Work complete,
 And speaks the Founder's Name and Fortune great.
 The stately Front commands th' admiring View;
 Grand its Design, and its Proportion true:
 No costly Folly, no expensive Waste;
 Strong, but not heavy; noble, but not vast;
 Finish'd with Judgment, furnish'd with a Taste. }
 Vain my Attempt to paint the charming Scenes,
 The Park, the Grove, the Terrace, and the Greens;

Foun-

Fountains, Canals, Cascades from tow'ring Slopes ;
The grand Variety confounds my Hopes :
Here Art o'er Nature shews a noble Pride,
With Beauty cloathes the barren Mountain's Side ;
The Planter's Skill the nodding Forests show,
Where scarce a Shrub was ever known to grow.
From Summer's Heat the Hills provide a Shade,
In Winter Shelter, when cold Winds invade.
Yet what were these but empty, all in vain
To ease an aching Heart, or Head in Pain ?
Did Envy or Ambition rack the Breast,
The Day would yield no Joy, the Night no Rest ;
One Vice, indulg'd, would cast a Gloom around,
Cloud all the Prospect, poison all the Ground.
But here true Happiness is understood,
The noble manly Joy of doing Good ;
Here sterling Truth, calm Temperance, and Love,
Lead from these pleasing Scenes to those above,
To nobler Structures, built by Hands divine,
Where Suns unclouded o'er the Prospect shine ;

Where Mildews blast not, nor chill Frosts annoy,
No Rains can rot, nor eating Worms destroy;
Within these Walls such Happiness resides :
Thus *Fame* reports—What can they wish besides ?
The Poor shall bless them, all the Wise shall hail,
And Heav'n approve ; their Joys can never fail.
Late may they peaceful to their Graves descend,
And Heav'n to all their Offspring prove a Friend !





To Mrs. J A C O B.

On her Seat call'd The Rocks, in Gloucestershire.

A T easy Distance from the Town,
An hospitable Seat
From Croud and Noise there stands retir'd,
A sweet and cool Retreat ;

Securely seated on a Rock,
Whence silver Streams descend,
From Cliffs, the Ruins of old Time,
And murmur as they bend.

The ancient Honours of the Wood
Adorn and guard the Pile ;
At humble Distance down it sees
The fruitful Valleys smile.

Here

Here Woods and Shades, and Grots and Glades,
 Feel sultry Summer mild ;
Diversify'd a thousand Ways,
 And beautifully wild.

When we, amidst the Shades below,
 From the steep Hill descend,
Where crystal Streams in Mazes flow,
 That tow'ring Elms defend ;

Like PLUTO's Regions, wrapt in Gloom,
 We think the darksome Way,
That ends in the *Elysian* Plains,
 Fair, flow'ry, calm, and gay.

Romantic Views these Prospects yield,
 That feed poetic Fire ;
Each broken Rock, and Cave, and Field,
 And Hill, and Vale, inspire.

These various, gay, delightful Scenes
Like Paradise appear;
Serene as ev'ning Sky my Soul,
And hush'd is ev'ry Care.

A thousand Birds, soft-warbling, join
The Music of the Trees;
Whose waving Boughs, and whisp'ring Leaves,
Play wanton in the Breeze.

The happy Genius of the Place
Inspires with softest Joys;
And Contemplation, pure as Light,
My raptur'd Soul employs.

Within the Gates new Scenes arise,
Which equal Joys disclose;
There Beauty, Goodness, Friendship smiles,
And gen'rous Plenty flows.



To Mrs. W A R D.

S APPHIRA's Lines, with Wit and Humour
 Pure as her Morals, sprightly as her Thought, ^{[fraught,}
 Fill'd with Compassion for the Poor distress'd,
 And flowing from a grateful gen'rous Breast,
 My Muse would sing — But SWIFT approves her ^{[Lays,}
 APOLLO's SWIFT anticipates my Praise.
 Will DELIA pardon, if I dare rehearse
 Her STREPHON's Praise in my unpolish'd Verse?
 Whose Soul's replete with Learning, Sense, and ^{[Truth,}
 Himself alone unknowing of his Worth:
 Graceful amidst SAPPHIRA's Works he stands,
 Pre-eminent, and ev'ry Eye commands;
 Who sings with Genius, Elegance, and Art,
 To warm the Passions, and inlarge the Heart.

Sublime

Sublime in Sentiment, in Diction pure,
His shall the Critic's keenest Pen endure ;
And stand the Rage of conqu'ring Time secure. }
A Fop let others chuse, or Wretch they hate ;
To ev'ry Joy prefer a large Estate,
With Toys and Equipage ; while Truth and Mind
Is DELIA's Taste, and shews her Soul refin'd.
The Wise must DELIA, and her Choice, approve,
Who would great Merit recompense with Love.
Good Sense must Honour, Friendship, Faith, secure.
While the rich Fool grows fickle, false, impure.
With such a Friend what Woman would not dare
To stake some Fortune, and the rest to share ?
To hear Truth flow, melodious, from his Tongue,
And have her Name immortaliz'd in Song ?
Such Force of Merit must successful prove :
Bays crown his Head, while *Beauty* crowns his Love.





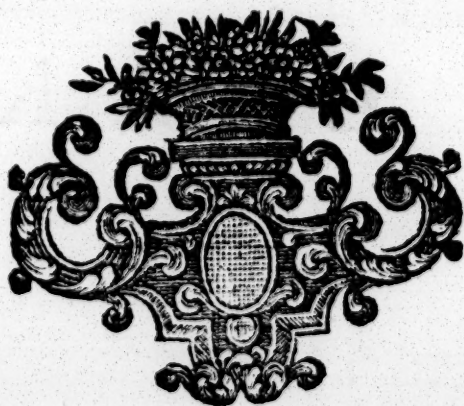
T O

Mr. L E A K E.

Mr. L E A K E,

ABOUT Two Years ago, at the
Importunity of Mrs. J——, just
after the Affair happen'd, I wrote this
Tale. That Lady made it so public,
that it now grows troublesome, and has
tired my Pen to transcribe : Send it to
the Press, and add it to my other Trifles,
if

if you please. Nor can this at all affect my *Epitaph* ; for, to suppose a Man can be a *Lover* at Sixty, is to expect *May-Fruits* in *December*. But Esteem and Friendship often borrow that Name.



A T R U E



A T R U E

T A L E.

To Mrs. J——s. Written at her Request.

W H Y, Madam, must I tell this idle Tale?
 You want to laugh. Then do so, if you will,
 Thus take it, as it was ; the best I can :
 And laugh at me, but not my little Man :
 For he was very good, and clean, and civil ;
 And tho' his Taste was *odd*, you own, not *evil*.
 You know, one loves an Apple, one an Onion ;
 One Man's a *Papist* ; one is a *Socinian* ;
 We differ in our *Taste*, as in *Opinion*.

Not

Not often Reason guides us ; more, Caprice,
Or Accident, or Fancy : So in this.

His *Person* pleas'd, and honest was his *Fame* :

'Tis true, there was no Music in his *Name* ;

But, had I chang'd for *A*, the Letter *U*,
It would sound grand, and musically too ;

And would have made a Figure ; at my Shop

I saw him first, and thought he'd eat me up.

I star'd, and wonder'd who this Man could be,

So full of Complaisance ; and all to *me* :

But when he'd bought his Gloves, and said his Say,

He made his civil Scrape, and went away.

I never dreamt I e'er should see him more ;

Glad when he turn'd his Back, and shut the Door.

But when his wond'rous Message he declar'd,

I never in my Life was half so scar'd !

Fourscore long Miles, to buy a crooked Wife !

Old, too ! I thought the oddest thing in Life :

And said, Sir, you're in Jest, and very free ;

But, pray, how came you, Sir, to think of me ?

This

This civil Answer I'll suppose was true;

“ That he had both our Happiness in View.

“ He sought me as one form'd to make a Friend,

“ To help Life glide more smoothly near its End;

“ To aid his Virtue, and direct his Purse;

“ For he was much too *well* to want a Nurse.”

He made no high-flown Compliment, but this;

“ He thought to've found my Person more amiss.

“ No Fortune hop'd; and,” which is stranger yet,

“ Expected to have bought me off in Debt!

“ And offer'd me my *Wish*, which he had read;

“ For 'twas my *Wish* that put me in his Head.”

Far distant from my Thoughts, a *Husband*, when

Those simple Lines dropt, honest, from my Pen!

Much more he spake, but I have half forgot:

I went to Bed, but could not sleep a Jot.

A Thing so Unexpected! and so New!

Of so great Consequence! — So Gen'rous too!

I own,

I own, it made me pause for half that Night :
 Then wak'd, and soon recover'd from my Fright ;
 Resolv'd, and put an End to the Affair :
 So great a Change, thus late, I could not bear ;
 And answer'd thus ; No, good Sir, for my Life,
 I cannot now obey, nor be a Wife.

At Fifty-four, when hoary Age has shed
 Its Winter's Snow, and whiten'd o'er my Head,
 Love is a Language foreign to my Tongue :
 I could have learnt it once, when I was young ;
 But now quite other Things my Wish employs ;
Peace, Liberty, and Sun, to gild my Days.
 I dare not put to Sea so near my Home,
 Nor want a Gale to waft me to my Tomb.
 The Smoak of *Hymen's* Lamp may cloud the Skies ;
 And adverse Winds from diff'rent Quarters rise.
 I want no Heaps of Gold ; I hate all *Dress*,
 And *Equipage*. The *Cow* provides my *Mess*.
 'Tis true, a *Chariot's* a convenient Thing ;
 But then, perhaps, Sir, you may hold the String.

I'd rather walk alone my own slow Pace,
 Than drive with *Six*, unless I chuse the Place.
 Imprison'd in a Coach, I should repine :
 The Chaise I hire, I drive, and call it mine.
 And, when I will, I ramble, or retire
 To my own Room, own Bed, my Garden, Fire ;
 Take up my Book, or trifle with my Pen ;
 And, when I'm weary, lay them down again :
 No Questions ask'd ; no Master in the Spleen —
 I would not change my State to be a Queen.
 Your great Estate would nothing add to me,
 But Care, and Toil, and Loss of Liberty.
 Your Offer does me Honour, I confess ;
 And, in your next, I wish you more Success.

And thus this whole Affair begins and ends :
 We met as *Lovers*, and we parted *Friends*.

10 JUL 68

F I N I S.



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